

A
1st NEW PLOT,

OR THE

VVHIG and TORY United

Being a

DIALOGUE

Between

Titus Oates and **Saxon**

the Perjur'd Evidence.

18. March. 1686

Oates **VV** Ell, met Dear Friend, I joy to see
The Consort of my malty.

Saxon, I humbly deign to ask your Name,
(And beg you would excuse the same.)

Oates, Is't possible you should not know ;
Can I be thus conceal'd from you ?

Saxon, Oh ! now I recollect my thoughts,
You are I think ---Oates, Doctor Oates.

Oates, The very same, I'm even he,
A near Relation unto thee.

Saxon, Avaft! Curs'd Traytor, is it you,
The Author of the Nations Woe ;
Stand off Vile Scare-crow, for I Swear,
Thy very Breath Corrupts the Air.

Oates, Pray calm your Passion, 'tis unmeet,
That you should be so indiscreet.

Saxon, Base Villan cease, thou'rt Perjur'd o're,
Ten Thousand times twice told and more ;
Thou wretched Scoundrel, thou art he,
Has forc'd this heavy Yoke on me,
'Twas you Coin'd Traytors at your pleasure,
Whose foster'd Lyes (beyond all measure)
Procur'd you Credit, brought you Gain,
Made you the Idol of the Train :
Of all the Fa~~tious~~ Rout, that Crew,
By numerous Bribes did buoy up you :
You swore Estates and Lives away,
And thus by swearing won the day.
Five at a clap, thou Monstrous Elf
(When you deserv'd it more your self,)
Were Doom'd unto the Fatal Tree,
By such an Hellish Rogue as thee.

I will

I will not mention any more,
You know for what, and whom you swore,
And how you're perjur'd o're and o're.

Oates, Rave on, you will have done at last,
But yet, methinks you run too fast.

Saxon, 'Tis but an Amble to the speed
That you have made in time of need,
When in a trice you crois'd the Seas,
Were here or there, or how you please!
Consider but what you have done,
How you alperst the King and Crown;
The Queen, the Peers, and all Degree
Of most unshaken Loyalty.
Cease cruel Fury, Hell ne't knew,
The half the Plagues and Crimes which you
Have perpetrated, you full well
Have amplify'd the Gates of Hell:
Taught me the way to my Damnation,
Unless I find Commiseration.

Oates, Sum up thy Reason, for I fear,
Thou lt fall into some mad dispair:
Recrute thy Spirits, ease thy Breath,
There's no Damnation after Death;
Wait but a little, and you'll see,
The Scene will metamorphis'd be.

Saxon, The change I fear will yet be worse,
I next must stride the three Legg'd Horse.
Ah me ! unhappy and forlorn,
The Ridicule and publick scorn
of all the World, might I but have
My Wish, I'de supplicate a Grave.

Oates, Avert these omens, reassume
A Courage that will more become
The Grandure of thy quondam meen,
And all these trifling Follys Skreen;
'Tis all the same, he equal shares,
That's only in, or up to th' Ears.

Saxon, I Grieve and Sigh for what I've done,
And would'st thou yet have me sin on
Against the Sacred Deities,
Hell spews at such like Crimes as these,
I'll rather bare all Miseries.

Oates, Thou'ret either mad, or not the same,
That's trumpeted to me by Fame;
I've heard that thou, ev'n thou alone,
Cou'dst turn the World quite up-side down,

That

That Armed by such stable Buff,
Thy Courage was full Cannon Proof.

Saxon, Time was, I cou'd have out-brav'd all
The Fiends of Hell, the Deel would craul
To pay me Homage with sub-mission,
But now I've alter'd my Condition;
The Furies awe me, and I swear,
I'm tortur'd with intestine fear.

Oates, Banish that Bug-bear fear, good Fate
Henceforth be thy Associate;
Learn but of me, I glory in,
The term'd Commission of a Sin;
'Tis my content in what is evil,
I vie and brave the very Devil:
Mischief's, my sweet'st and best repose,
In which I've triumph'd o're my Foes.

Sax. Doctor I'm yours, you've won my heart,
I'm now resolv'd to make 'em smart;
Revenge is sweet, I now will doom,
My Pity and Compassion down,
Into the most dev'ring Tomb,
Tho' I at length like *Samson* dye,
A Victim with my Enemy.

Oates, Brave and Heroick Soul, I swear
Thy last Resolves most Noble are,
In which if thou wilt but persever,
I'll be thy nimble Trout for ever.

Saxon, Grave Doctor, to begin the Section,
I now submit to your Direction;
Make me your Engine, and I'll play,
The Deel himself to vvin the Day.

Oates, Persist kind Friend I'll lead the van,
And give you all th' advice I can;
I'll Conjure Tony's Ghost and try
By an unerring Pollicy,
To play my Cards Clubs must be *Trumps*,
Hye for the *Goblins* and the *Rumps*.

Saxon, Propose the Methods I must use,
I now can play at Fast and Loose;
Propose but vwhat, and vwhere and howv,
I'm all Obedience at your bow.

Oates, Without delay I thus begin,
You first must triumph over Sin;
'Tis but a Cipher, Naught and Naught,
Will give no Number I am taught.

In order unto vwhich first you,
 Must disengage your cruel Foe;
 Take off the Cause th' Effect vwill follow,
 No want of means, the *Gib* or *Gallow*
 Do alvvays groan whilst unmanur'd,
 By such which Fate has them ensur'd :
 If this wont do then racking about,
 Reverse your Steps they'l lead you out
 There's other measures may be made,
 A Poyson, Strangle, or a Stab.
 If those should fail, observe these Notes,
 There's Drovning, Burning, Cutting Throats.
 Here lies the pinch, you must provide
 Always agaist the turn o'th' Tide :
 Should 'your Intrigues be brought to light,
 You must observe your Cards aright ;
 When ev'r your Cause does go to wrack,
 Then lay it on your Sumpfers Back ;
 Which when you've done, forthwith you must,
 Be sure to cry out Murther first,
 Stop thief, stop thief, or else the Traytor,
 Then swear 'twas he, you know his feature :
 Prepare your Vouchers, have good store,
 Then swear it home, swear it o're and o're.
 'Tis this will purchase Reputation
 Honour, Wealth, and Admiratiōn,
 And stile you *Saviour of the Nation.*
 This made me great, 'twas this alone,
 Made me long triumph over *ROME*,
 And Honour'd throughout Christiaedom.
 I'm now ecclipst I can't deny
 Your Fate and Mine run equally
 Witness the groaning *Pillyry.*
 Yet shall I rise to that degree,
 That none shall dare to envy me,
 So great will be my *Liberty.*
 And you my Friend shall win Renown,
 Beyond the Bubbles of a Crown.
 Saxon, Cease worthy Sir, I ask no more
 May I but have that blessed store,
 Oates, With Duplications, o're, and o're.

This may be Printed, R.P.
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